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THE LIFE-WRECK.

TREADING the alleyways dark and damp, By the flickering light of the feeble lamp, Breaking the night with her ghostly tramp, She totters along—alone, alone.

From lovel to hovel, from street to street,
She picks her passage through rain and sloot;
With not a felend in the world to greet,

Not a bonnet to wear, nor a morsel to eat, Not a speek of earth to call her own. Wearing her life out day by day. Throwing her priceless soul away, Shunning for very shame the ray

Of the sun of Henven, the glorious sun! Weary of life, and afraid to die, Afraid of the earth, and afraid of the sky, Afraid of the light, she knows not why, She woos the night as she heaves a sigh And thinks of a race that is almost run.

Phantom of life and beauty fled, Shadows uniting the quick and dead! I knew her before her soul was wed To the demon of hatred and despair; I knew her a happy, thoughtiess child, When she prattled and laughed, and leaped and

smilled, When her heart was pure and her spirits wild. And all her troubles as light as air.

I knew her again, in womanhood, When her beauty and wit no heart withstood— Grand and lovely, yet gentle and good— Admired and loved by the wise and great-Perfect in all that grandour lends To native beauty—in all that sends The crowning gem of a cluster of friends. A queen in soul and a queen in st

I know her now-yet I know her not! Where all but praise from the senseless sot Where all that is pure is spurned, forgot, I nothing know but a holy dread, Steeped in misery and disgrace, The eye of man no more can trace,

In that shattered form and shivered face, A single nurk of their ancient grace— The figure is there, but the woman is dead?

Shades of immaculate woman! when Shall the curse of God come down on men For woman's wrongs? for not till then Shall be atone for thy nameless woos, When thy oppressor, unboased, unfed, Shall stalk the earth in terror and dread, With a wrenth of scorpions around his head. To sting the wretch wherever he tread, Till in uppermost helf he makes his bed, He may pay a part of the debt he owes,

WIDOW GREY'S LODGER.

CLAIRE Gray had been sitting by the little window of her own small room, stitching and looking out by turns, and sighing rather dolefully at times for very dulness; for she was but young, and fond of pleasure as any girl could man's form was a blessing beneath that be, and such a quiet, un-eventful life roof. was wearisome. More especially that, her small bed-room, with no further lavish gifts of gold and gems, might not "Write often, Gilbert." prospect of Jollification.

pect. Mrs. Grey having been a widow evenings, when they sat around the fire loved her ! for fifteen years, and all that time in in their little parlor, Claire would lift

There she saw no sallow visage, but a was to woo her. And yetwondrously lovely young face of eighteen, with dimpled cheeks, all roses, blue eyes and black lashes. About her to herself that she is in love. Now and dainty lip and taper waist, were each scarlet even in the darkness, from think- Gilbert, and parted from him? a heart-snare.

Poor ma had not a relic of dimples or think so much of any one who had not roses, but was a melancholy pale brown yet "said anything" to her. from the crown of her head to her black

crape collar. "I don't look like ma," said Claire ; "but I feel as if I did. Oh, dear! with his eyes.

It's dreadful to be poor." She sat down to her stitching again opposite, where a boy lover of hers, tating iron clank, and the branches of

the trees whirl against the house and

"Oh!" thought Claire, "how I wish some king's son would come wooing me, as they used the poor maidens in fairy tales, and make me a queen with robes of velvet and cloth of gold, in a land where sugar-plums grow upon the trees! Heigho! my little sweetheart is almost as rich as a fairy-tale king now. I wonder Robert Balff never thinks of his and news came that the Colonel's heir home."

Then bending over her work, she stitched for dear life.

The windy March day drew to an end. The sun went down in the lead-colored sky without a pretence of sunset, and an unpleasant evening drizzle came on as though day had parted from light in a tiff, and night were crying over it.

When it was too dark to see, Claire Brown in dreams of the new silk, nearly put away her work and went down to earned, and of waltzing in it with the the parlor where Mrs. Grey was setting Colonel's son and heir. the table, and their only boarder, Mrs. Scraggs, waiting with hunger in her

They sat down together, and began talking of Claire's visit, and of Aunt Munsen's grandeur, and of the kind gentleman at the station who saved Claire's baggage from being spirited away, and of the Colonel's empty house opposite, and why Robert Balff did not come back to live there.

"The families were intimate in our prosperous days," sighed Mrs. Grey, with the handkerchief at her eyes again. "My silver teapot cost twenty dollars full on Claire's face, giving it new beaumore than Mrs. Balff's; and Robert, ty. The eyes that looked on it drank who was ten years older than Claire, has it in with unutterable and passionate

often carried her about." And the words set Claire thinking of clasped and held closely.

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o-morrow, we have one to give to-day."

the semi-darkness, took off his hat.
"Mrs. Grey resides here?"

"Your bill attracted my attention."

"Step in, sir-I'll call mamma,"

eyes wide open with astonishment.

one knows me; how is it possible-"

hers, she gave a little cry.

And he looked down to the carpet.

such kindness is a reference in itself!"

so terrible a destiny, would not have

of the great house opposite were open,

beautified, and a grand house-warming

which came to the village great-folks,

one reached the humble home of the

saw Gilbert. He looked grave and anx-

ious, and his eyes searched her face in a

"It is a lovely night," he said; " will

you walk with me? I want to talk with

She took his arm in silence; and they

passed through the gates, and took their

way by a path down to the river bank,

There they paused. The mounlight fell

way she did not understand,

sighed.

Greys.

door.

" Yes, sir."

as seen the bill !"

smile.

to give.

"Leave us!" Claire turned cold from Claire," when lo! a knocking at the the heart out. "Leave us! Where are you going ?"

"Some beggar," said Mrs. Grey; "To seek my fortune. You know and though we may not have a crust am very poor, do you not?"

" I have guessed it."

And Claire opened the front door. No "And so of course I must go elsebeggar stood without, but a tall gentle- where. But it is hard to leave you. man, in a gray travelling cloak, who, in | The little cottage is the dearest place on earth to me."

Claire shivered. For the first time she understood what life would be without him. She forced herself to say, When shall we see you again ?" and Showing him into the little parlor, then stood mute. she ran out into the dining-room, her

His answer came slowly: " It is for you to decide, Claire. You "Mamma—actually a gentleman who may say, 'Go forever,' or 'Come back to me.'"

Mrs. Grey arose, and Claire, who She looked down and trembled. She knew another lodger and boarder had had no voice to answer. He spoke long been wanted, could not restrain a again:

"Claire, I wonder whether a poor She waited until the explanation of man, who has no personal attractions, how the Greys fell from their estate was no wealth or fame to give, has a right probably over; and then went into the to tell that. You only know whether parlor.
A difficulty had just arisen—references he is not quite mad when he also says, Can you love me?' Yet, I cannot go were desired, and the stranger had none away leaving the first untold, the last unasked. Darling Claire, will you say, "I am a stranger here," he said-" no claim me?"

And listening to a faint whisper, Gil-Claire looked at him. His figure was bert heard, "I cannot say go," and good, his features bold and manly, but clasped her to his heart.

they were marked deeply by small-pox. Oh, it was a happy, yet a bitter mo-Many would have called him ugly; but ment! She felt herself beloved, and out upon the broad balcony. lifting his eyes, he revealed at once his she felt that she was at the same time to greatest charm, and a fact which had part from her best beloved. She clung jealous yet," said Gilbert. begun to force itself on Claire's mind. to him, and exclaimed, "Stay. After The moment those luminous orbs met this stay! I could have borne it before; ed in him, I will tell you comething and now-not now !"

"Oh! I did not know you before. Mamma, this is the gentleman who was his breast, she listened as he told her- ugly, too-not one bit handsome. What o kind about my baggage at the rail- what she knew already-his duty as a way station. References! oh, mamma, man.

"I go to build a nest for my bird," And in this odd way it was settled, he said; "I must try to win a home for and this new boarder came among them. my wife. The poorest, the humblest, Those quiet women felt in his pres- will be sweet to me if she does not fear ence a new sense of life and strength. to share it. Does poverty affright you, Somebody with a man's voice and a dearest?"

with you. It used to once, Gilbert."

To Claire the new lodger was more one week before, she had escaped from than to the rest. From the first he had long, long while; and when they partit and spent three days in a whirl of shown her those thoughtful attentions ed Claire knew that they would not hood now, of whom, as boy and man, gayety with a city aunt, whose New a woman is so fond of. From the first meet again for many days. The battle he had always dreampt as his wife. He York home seemed very splendid to he had awakened in her a consciousness would be long—she knew enough to had often told me of her—her name was poor Claire, who was now working in that the young fairy-tale prince, with know that. And she sighed as she said, Claire. So, hearing of his father's death,

It's dreadful," thought Claire; "so man's mind and a man's great heart was He told her that, as he kissed her: and said to himself, "If she be what I bemuch pinching, and contriving, and worth far more than aught that wealth she must tell her mother all, and thank lieve, I must woo and win her;' and stupidity. I don't wonder ma is so could buy, and that to be loved by one her. And Claire crept up to her room, said it so often that a doubt arose, born

the most narrow of straitened circum- her eyes, and see those of the new board- almost penniless among strangers; and of beauty. Then, coming to his native stances, had turned into a statue of woe, and was never seen without a wrinkle had ever given her before; and then her little hoard of silver, saved shillon her brow, a tear in her eye, and a her girl's heart would beat faster, and ling by shilling for the new dress, might, and so spoke to her. After that handkerchief in her hand. So Claire a flush come into her cheek, and she and folded it in a paper, with some has- he felt that unless he won her, his wealth put down her work and peeped into the would wonder at herself; for this was tily written lines, and creeping up-stairs was worthless. But he kept his resolve, not the king's son of the fairy tale who on tip-toe, found outside his door the and telling no one who he was, came to little black valise, and slipped the treas- the door one windy March night, a poor Claire never finished her sentence, for ure in, and re-locked it, and sped away stranger, nothing more, and dwelt beit is not often that a young girl will own like a guilty thing.

What did she care for a silk dress? or Balff, the Colonel's wealthy heir, but a head a mass of golden curls danced and then, she started broad awake in the for the grand party where she had struggling man, with only a fond love glittered, and brow and throat, and night and lay upon her pillow, flushed thought to wear it? or for anything but to offer her. Yet, so he won her. Oh,

ing how strange and wrong it was to ped to sleep at last, despite herself, so happier than any king, and there can And then she would remember glanclosing door or departing step. ces stronger than words, and feel that

Gilbert Brown had "said something" tears blinded the blue eyes as they bent ed, my best beloved wife!" over the weary work. There seemed so How little she really knew of him! little left, now Gilbert was gone. how little girls generally know of their

Yet perhaps those hours were the all a dream. And she, to whom poverty had seemed saying, quietly, "I shall not go," "Not go? Surely and certainly the

shrunk from sharing another's. But he child has taken leave of her senses!" never asked her; he only looked and Claire felt sorry to annoy her mother; but to dance and make merry, with So the weeks glided by, and at last in poor Gilbert wandering sadly away the golden Autumn-time, the windows

from her, seemed too heartless. So the days glided by, and that of the had returned. So the dwelling was to be great party came, finding her still in the same mind; and at last, the widow dressed in her best, went alone; and given; and among the invitations Mrs. Scraggs having gone to gossip somewhere, Claire was left to her own thoughts. They were of Gilbert-all of Gilbert.

Thereat Claire's cheeks flushed with She sat listlessly and idly on the porch, pleasure. That day, for the first time in the August moonlight, as the clock for weeks, she almost forgot Gilbert was striking nine; when, lifting up her eyes, she saw the form of Gilbert Brown beside the garden gate. He stood quite still, looking at her; and for a moment But at dusk, when the evening primshe believed she saw his wraith. The oses were open, she went into the garnext he was beside her, with his arm den, and while wandering up and down, about her, and she was sobbing. heard his step behind her, and turning,

"Oh, Gilbert, what has brought you hack? You frightened meso; I thought you had come to tell me you were dead;" in July, "Cut and come again;" of peas although it doesn't account for the cry and she lay sobbing on his breast.

bosom a little package of silver and held it before her eyes,

"I came to bring this back," he said, a service; you are very proud. Gilbert, make me happy by keeping it."

At these words and her starting tears he restared the silver to its hiding-place, of convicting my client of man-slaugh- was called aft and ranged on the ice side it. They lived on seals, widgeons, must guv out; the wagon's broke down; it's admiration. Suddenly her hand was saying, "I will keep it as a talisman;" ter for taking the life of a woman. The of the quarter-deck. and she was glad again.

were sure to."

" I had not the heart to go." "But you will go with me?"

" With you?" "Yes. I know Robert Balff well. I was at college with him abroad. I am sure he expects me. Claire, you will go,

I know." "You never told me you knew him," said Claire.

"I have many things to tell you yet," he answered, with a peculiar smile. She left him then, and going to her own room, donned a white dress-pretty and soft, but far from new-twined some bright flowers in her hair, and was ready. Then, taking his arm, they went

toward the Hall together. It was aglow with lights; music stole forth upon the air. In the great drawing-rooms gueses were already dancing. They paused among them, watching

the dancers, Claire feeling very happy. "Should you know Robert Balff?" he asked. " No."

"I do. Guess which is he. He is in this room."

So Claire pointed out the tallest and best looking, one after another, until Go forever,' or 'Return some day to Gilbert said, "You choose the handsomest; he may be among the ugly ones." And Claire, puzzled, peered out, but failed to find the man her boy sweet-

heart had grown into. At last they left the rooms and went

"Your Robert Balff will make me "Yet since you are so deeply interestabout him. I know him well. He is

say you to that?" "I don't know. Tell me more, is he

good ?" "So so-an ordinary mortal. You

know he spent his youth in Germany." " Yes."

"It was not a very happy one. His mother was dead; his father was not And she answered, "Not if shared fond of him; he had no home ties. loud noise and he awoke. Heaven's mercy only kept him from a They walked together after that for a life of riot and debauch. Next to that, and coming home to take possession of satisfy the cottage maiden; that a He was going with the early dawn. his father's estate, this lonely rich man doleful; I fancy I begin to look exactly like her—poor dear!"

mighty of intellect and rich of soul was larger to better than to be a queen.

mighty of intellect and rich of soul was larger to of the very hope. Being poor, she might lay in the harbor of Valparaiso. Through lay in the harbor of Valparaiso. Often, and often, in the long, cold should part them; yet he loved her—he evenings, when they sat around the fire loved her!

On, it seemed so hard that poverty wed him (as other girls have wed), for money, not for love. For he was not should part them; yet he loved her—he evenings, when they sat around the fire loved her! handsome. His face was scarred like Then she thought of him, lonely and mine, and women, he said, think much neath her roof for weeks; not Robert darling, forgive me this deception. So She lay awake long hours; but drop- wooing and winning you, I have been that in the early dawn she heard no come only one happier day to me-that on which you stand beside me, mistress The next day was a dreary one, and of this old Hall-my own, my cherish-

So the tale was told, leaving Claire in strange bewilderment, as though it were

and watched the great empty house lovers! That he was poor-that his strug- most blessed of her life. In her great But that she forgave him was certain, gles for prosperity had been unavailing- love she had learned to live for another. since on a certain day not long thereafwhen she was a baby, had once dwelt, that in the battle of life he had so far Not a word she said to her mother-not ter the village church was open, and and the great orchard and wintry lawn been worsted-she either guessed or a word to any one, but stitched and whose entered might have seen Claire lying desolate; listening to an upper had been told, she hardly knew which. thought, until, with the twilight, her Grey and Robert Balff kneeling togethshutter blowing to and fro with an irri- What he had hoped-what path up the work was folded by, and over the tea- erat the altar, with bridesmaids in white hill Difficulty he had chosen—she never table the widow talked of what they muslin, and spruce groomsmen ranged asked. But in her heart had crept the were to wear at that wonderful party, around. And Mrs. Grey, in a perfect wish to walk it with him hand in hand. and then Claric startled her mother by luxury of tears at the fulfilment of her dearest wishes, made an exceedingly interesting picture.

AN HONORABLE ENEMY.

CNEUS DOMITIUS, Tribune to the Roman people, eager to ruin his enemy, Marcus Scaurus, Chief of the Senate, accused him publicly of several high crimes and misdemeanors. His zeal in the prosecution tempted a slave of Scaurus, through hope of a reward, to offer himself privately as a witness. But main rigging carefully; that at the justice here prevailed over revenge; for Domitius, without uttering a single ion I had seen) there was no person themselves. If, however, they do not word, ordered the perfidious wretch to aloft. be fettered and carried instantly to his master. So universally was this action admired, that it procured Domitius many honors which he could scarcely have hoped for otherwise, He was successively elected consul, censor, and high priest.

THE language of the rose in June is, Well I'm blowed;" of the asparagus that was what we saw fall into the sea, in August, "Shell out;" of the apple which was heard at the same time.' In a moment he had drawn from his treein Soptember, "Go it, my pippins."

prisoner was acquitted.

BRITISH SOVEREIGNS.

Then William, his son Henry, Stephen, and Henry; Then Blehard and John. Next Henry, the third; Edwards, one, two, and three; And again after Richard Three Henrys we see Two Edwards, third Richard, If rightly I guess; Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Maty, Queen Poss; Then Jamle, the Scotchman, Then Charles whom they slew, Yet received after Comwell Another Charles teo. Next James, the second, Ascended the throne; Then good William and Mary Together came on, Till Anne, Georges four,

STOWING A MUTINEER.

And fourth William all past,

God sent us Victoria, May she long be the last !

BY ROGER STABBUCK. My friend Hinton often relates the

following story: "While our ship, the Condor, was heard that Guy Locke, a mutineer, had tray me?" escaped from the calaboose, and that a hundred dollars were offered for his apprehension. When we sailed, two weeks later, the mutineer had not been discovered; in fact, there were many who believed that he had quitted the harbor in a little schooner which had sailed on the night of his escape.

"About a month after, on a dark, stormy night, while we were rolling along through the Pacific, we heard a strange cry proceeding from the forecastle, and rushing from under the cealed in the hold of the vessel, un-mont, Judge C-, of roundhouse, where I had been stationed, we met one of the watch, who had jumped from his bank and come up, But after awhile, with her head upon an odd creature, Claire; ay, and he is dream, in which, according to his own story, he saw his ghost sitting astride to carry him a supply of food. This date him. I am obliged by the law to the main-yard, and pointing into the morning I searched for him in vain, so keep a temperance house,"

> rail and looked into the water, where, the sea.' sure enough, he beheld his chum-a young sailor by the name of Harry Clyde-lying upon his back, with closed He swam to the ship while you were all room. The Judge was taken to a fine eyes and pale face. Then there was a ashore on liberty, and confronted me room; the landlord said, "I hope you

one of my chums,' was the solomu re-"Of course we scouted this idea. It certain that his dream would come true, before, the body of the mutineer, Guy hang of yours, and will call whenever I or that something would happen to put | Locke. him strongly in mind of it. Pale and "Among all the members of the Contrembling he then returned to the fore- | dor's crow, except Warren and myself, | not let you have some gin last evening; castle. The sees again drove us aft, and the tidings created much astonishment." we soon forgot our shipmate and his dream. The vessel was now rolling INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS. to keep a 'temperance house.'" fearfully, and burying at intervals both | Occasionally an individual says to rails, and shipping great torrents of us, "Times are so hard with me. I must water that must have swamped the stop my paper," or, as in some instances, eraft had we not battened down the "My wife thinks we can dispense with hatches and closed the companionway. | the paper now, and I must stop," Thus could discover through the darkness the actual waste of money for many things outlines of a human figure going aloft, drank, eaten, smoked, or chewed, which Soon, however, I lost sight of it, and can do the system no good, but rather half fancying that my han ination had harm. The newspaper can or should be deceived me, I moved into the waist and regarded as a benefit to every household; scanned the main shrouds. No sign of it imparts useful information; it furany person was visible. I mounted as nishes subjects for thought and conhigh as the top, and peered over the versation; it adds a charm to social intersige; but I saw nothing except a piece course; it makes agreeable members of of canvas-an old maintopsail, which society. To be without a newspaper

previous day. been deceived, I joined my shipmates, about current events and discuss quesavoiding all mention of the vision by tions of general or local interest, he can d'Asterisk. returning evasive answers to their ques- take no part in these things because he

ing ery, and some of the men declared an influence the newspaper has-the that they saw something drop from aloft children read it and gain in knowledge; from the main) into the sea,

through the darkness, but could see and gives attraction to home. Surely, nothing except the angry rushing wat- then, no wise parent would consent to ers, all hissing and boiling around the go without a newspaper in his family-

could even give a guess.

time I did so (notwithstanding the vis- independent. They ought to read for "Who, then, or what, had fallen into

the sea? "I vainly racked my brain for some solution of the mystery; my snipmates were equally at fault.

"As the dawn slowly crept around us, however, we noticed that the pile of canvas which had been placed in the top was missing. "'That was it!' eried an old sailor;

"'I have it, mates!' eried another;

the noise we heard was made by some "GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY," said bird flying past-that was ail."

Western lawyer, "would you set a "In fact this soon became the general "And you would not accept so small rat-trap to catch a bear, or make fools of opinion; still there were two or three yourselves by trying to spear a buffalo men who refuse I to be convinced that with a knitting-needle? I know you the voice was not that of a human being, would not. Then how can you be guilty "To sot the matter at rest, the crew

" All hands were present.

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"Glancing toward Warren, I noticed ence for food. that he was strangely agitated; he

never seen there before. to speak.

mistaken it for a human being's.1

PRICE-FIVE CENTS.

ed him, touching his shoulder. ". What is the matter, my lad?"

inquired. the face as a new topsail.

a whisper:

night? " Yes; but what connection -' interrupted, ' was one of my chums.' "But no person fell; the cry heard found and brought away. was a bird's, that has been almost prov-

ed; besides all hands came aft when they were called.' ". True, all the sailors who shipped in the vessel; but there was a man con- Liquor Law was in full force in Ver-

" Impossible! I have continued to visit him once lord for "a glass of gin." The landlord every day since I stowed him, in order said "he was sorry he could not accomo-I feel confident that it was he whose cry | It was late, so the Judge could not go "He thought he then walked to the you heard last night; he who fell into on that night, but told the landlord he

> " 'Who was the person?' while I sat in the forecastle mending will be comfortable."

of fresh air, as he expressed it.' "A few days after Warren had made early. his confession we spoke a vessel, which

"Now, feeling quite sure that I had goes into society, and hear others talk is not posted up, not having read the "Suddealy we all heard a wild, piere- papers. And in the family circle what ienne. it serves to occupy their leisure hours, "We rushed to the rail and peered to keep them from frivolous amusements and a local home newspaper too. He "" What could it have been?" was the may think he can get along without it, oft-repeated question; but no one aboard because he is out in the world, and can have the reading of the paper from his " For my part I was strangely puzzled. neighbor's shop or store, or can learn felt certain that I had scrutinized the what is going on from others. But this is rather a mean way. Men ought to be need the paper themselves, they may rest assured that their family does. Considerations like these should have weight, and induce these who have thoughts of stopping their new-papers not to do so, and for those who have not taken a paper to subscribe at once.

> A ROBINSON CRUSOE STORY. EARLY in the month of January, 1861, the captain and crew of a small sailing vessel, sailing from Sydney, bread and potutoes. Seals, which they care a d-n if I never see Californey."

" It's all right, lads!' said the cap- found there in great numbers, and tain; the noise was a bird's, and I don't which the captain in his diary says, see how any sensible man could have "Went roaring about the woods like wild cattle," were their main depend-

After remaining in this place for more flushed and paled by turns, and there than a year some of the men became was in his eye an expression that I had discontented and mutinous, giving the captain a great deal of trouble. He at "When the captain gave the word of length adopted the plan of teaching dismissal, I perceived-for I was watch- school in the evening, reading prayers, ing him closely-that he lingered as if and reading and expounding the Scripanxious, yet for some reason not daring tures to the best of his ability. He found this plan to work admirably. "Finally he walked forward; I join- The men became much interested in the Bible readings, and nine of them who were unable to read learned every part. "So much," remarks the captain in his "He started, and turned as white in diary, "for moral suasion." At last the captain determined to leave the island. "Then, drawing me aside, he said, in The nearest land was New Zealand, four hundred miles off, and their only craft "'I don't mind telling you, but I was a little dingy in which they had hardly care to speak to the rest about it; escaped from the wreck. There was for they would only ridicule me, and extreme peril in crossing such a tract say that I was trying to play off a jest of stormy ocean in such a boat, but he lying in the harbor of Valparaiso, we on them. Will you promise not to be- had grown almost desperate. He and his men raised the sides of the boat, and "Igave the promise, and be continued: did what else they could to fit her for "'You remember my dream of last sea. Only two, beside the captain, consented to go in her, and they set off. They reached New Zealand in safety, "'The person who fell overboard,' he where they at once chartered a craft and returned for their comrades, whom they

A MODEL TEMPERANCE HOUSE.

A FEW years ago, when the Maine known to any of the crew but myself.' journey. He stopped at a tavern in the town of ---- for the night. After sup-"' It's a fact; he was in the forehold, per the Judge asked the worthy land-

would leave early the next morning, before breakfast. "Very well; I will "'It was Gay Locke, the mutineer, carry your valise and show you to your

"We all united in calling him a 'su- my jacket. I had known him before. There was an open stove in the room, perstitious goose'-not a man among us He had once saved my life; so I con- where Judge C -- found a bottle of who had not at some period of his life sented to stow him away. He was a brandy. He then went to his washhad a worse dream than the one related. native of the West, and could not bear stand and opened it; he found a bottle "What do you expect is to happen confinement. Hence, in spite of my of gin, water, glasses, etc. The Judge on account of your dream, that you remonstrances, he would often come up then went to a cupboard, and there was should be so frightened? inquired one. from the hold on dark nights, to sleep a bottle of old Bourbon. The Judge, "Either my own death, or that of in the top, in order to eatch a mouthful after helping himself, went down and told the landlord he would not leave

After breakfast the next morning

The landlord said "I'm sorry I could but the law is so strict, and my neighbors keep close watch, so I am obliged

LIFE AT PAU.

Pau is a curious town, a favorite resort of invalids and idlers, whose popu-"Suddenly, chancing to glance to- it is, stop the paper the first thing as a number of inhabitants and a very great ward the main rigging, I thought I useless expense, without thinking of the many strangers. Everybody lets furnished apartments, from the humblest citizen to the highest personage. Generals, counts, and marquises advertise their rooms " with a south aspect and a fine view of the Pyrences." There is no harm in this; it is excessively convenient; but it lately gave occasion for

a sharp retort. Madame C-, the wife of one of the had been stripped from the yard on the one might as well be out of the world; ed for the elegance of her dress. Such he becomes a perfect nobody; when he elegance, displayed by a simple commoner, displeased one of the noble dames of Pau, Madame la Comtesse

> "What do you call that?" she said, contemptuously glancing at the Paris-

"That is Madame C---," was replied to her.

"Ah! yes, I know," the Comtesse answered. "She's a dry-goods dealer." Madame C-, who overheard every word of the conversation, inquired in turn, loud enough to be heard, and pointing with her finger to the haughty lady, " What do you call that f"

'It is Madame d'Asterisk." "Ah! yes, I know. She's a letter of lodgings. We think of taking her rooms next season."

WHAT five letters form a sentence of forgiveness? Ix qq u.

THE newest Yankee invention is an umbrella with a gutter round the edge and a spout at one corner.

Ax editor in Town has become so hollow from depending upon the printing business alone for bread, that he proposes to sell himself for a stove-pipe at three cents a foot.

SEEING a wretched-looking lad on the plains near the Humboldt Desert, Australia, were wrecked on one of the nursing a starving baby, a traveller uninhabited islands of the Auckland askedhim what the matter was. "Wall, group, in the far South Pacific. They new," responded the youth, "I guess lived there twenty months, without I'm kinder streakt. Ole dad's drunk; seeing a human being other than them- ole woman's got the hy-steries; brother selves. The only tools they had were a Jim's playing poker with two gamblers; hammer, an axe, an adze, and a gimlet. sister Sall's down than a-courtin' of an With these they contrived to make a entire stranger; this yere baby's got the house with a fireplace and chimney to diaree the wust sort; the team's clean , sels, and a sweet root which served for twenty miles to the next water-I don't

BLOOMSBURG, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1866. fairy tales and cottage maldens and "Claire," said the musical voice, "I Gilbert first broke silence. handsome young princes again. brought you here to say good-by. "You did not go to this great merry First William the Norman: And Mrs. Scragg had just said, "Set making at the Hall. I thought you must leave you to-morrow. your cap for him when he does come